

# How To Train Your Dolphin

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Summary: Regular days of the dolphinarium on the bank of Baltic Sea

## How To Train Your Dolphin

**\*\*AUTHOR'S NOTE \*\***

**\*\*Hello, everyone! This is my new fanfic. It is made for a request of the user Bezzybik7 of the website (ÐŠÐ½Ð, Ð³Ð° Ð°Ð°Ð½„ Ð, Ð°Ð³Ð²). There is such an opportunity to make requests and other users write fanfics for it on that site. I would like to say, that it has almost nothing to do with the actual movie and as my beta Cosette 24601 noticed, "the characters don't seem particularly in character". I'm not good at dolphins and dolphinariums, so let me apologize at ones who are. The fanfic is set in Sweden, because name Astrid seems to be Swedish and I have been in Kalmar myself. By the way, one of the original characters Fredrik MÃ¥rtensson is a real person and my familiar (Hej, Fredrik!). I had asked his permission before writing this and he agreed. Hope for a review, enjoy!\*\***

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><p><strong>Chapter 1<strong>

As two guys wearing black outfits lifted their hands, three dolphins jumped from the water, accidentally soaking some spectators who were sitting close to the swimming pool. Then the dolphins started making laps, hitting the water surface with their flat tails.

"Do you know that dolphins used to live on the earth, and they were able to walk?" â€œ the host said. His microphone spread his melodic voice over the whole arena. "But they haven't lost this capability."

Then the dolphin trainers clapped, and the animals stood upright on their tails and started performing something that almost looked like

walking. One of the trainers called Fredrik gave some fish to the fosterlings as a meal that they swallowed with pleasure. Then the second trainer called Ikking brought a big ball and threw it in the pool. One of the dolphins caught it on its nose. Then the audience started applauding and that dolphin threw the ball to one another. Then all three dolphins started playing as the spectators cheered them on.

Then one of the brightest pupils of Ikking and Fredrik, Toothless, drew a couple of masterpieces by holding a brush in his mouth. These paintings were then sold to the people. It was ironic that the dolphin was called Toothless because he had all the teeth that he ought to.

The performance continued for a long time, but dolphins did not seem to be tired. When all the spectators had left the show, Ikking fed the dolphins one more time.

"Oh, I thought this day would never be over," an exhausted Ikking said as he feed Toothless. Simultaneously, Fredrik was feeding Thomas and Felix.

"But it's much more interesting that staying in an airless office or something all day," Fredrik commented, heading towards the dressing room.

"That's right," Ikking agreed, following him.

"Good job, guys. I gotta go," they heard Melker's voice. He was a host and was working in his usual clothing so he didn't have to change.

Ikking's grandfather Benjamin Haddock had opened the dolphinarium in Kalmar. Ikking found a job here after his graduation. He had studied in an university first, but had no time for taking care of the dolphins because of studying. But he started spending all his time with these wonderful creatures. They usually performed in the arena with a swimming pool which connected with the Baltic sea where the dolphins could perform when it was warm enough outside. But sunny days happened very seldom in Kalmar.

Having said goodbye to Fredrik, Ikking mounted his bicycle and headed home. A forest was surrounding him for a long time and little houses sometimes happened to appear. There was not a lot of cars because loads of citizens preferred vigorous spinning of two pedals instead pressing one. Of course, it was not Amsterdam, but cycling was popular here too. There were special roads for this kind of transport or paths which were quite far from highways. Ikking entered the actual town itself soon. It contained both blocks of flats with three or four floors and private houses.

Kalmar was a little town near the Baltic Sea. There were neither huge factories, nor high skyscapers, but plenty of trees, bushes, and lawns.

Haddock parked his bicycle and headed to the entrance but saw a girl who was carrying huge packages. The guy immediately approached her.

"Shall I help you?" he said, trying to take a package with a big

watermelon.

"No, thanks. I can do it myself," the girl was talking on her last legs, she struggled to force each single word.

"But I see its heavy," Ikking grabbed the package with the watermelon. The girl took the second package on her free hand from the one which was carrying two packages at once. "Don't you have anybody who could help you to carry such heavy stuff?"

The girl shook her head as they both came into the entrance.

"Thank you very much!" she said as they had reached the door and Ikking put the goods on the floor. "I beg your pardon, but what is your name?"

"Ikking. Friends and relatives call me Hiccup, I don't know why, but I resist against it."

"And I'm Astrid. Maybe you could stay here for a while? You know, it's quite boring to eat a watermelon all alone."

"Why not?" Ikking agreed.

Astrid's apartment was not very big, but very cozy. The guest noticed a little collection of statuettes made out of colourful glass. One of the walls was used as a little photo gallery, including some photos of the town, Kalmar slot, and also some photos made in other cities: The Royal Palace in Stockholm, the statue of the Little Mermaid in Copenhagen, one of the squires in Madrid and the tower in Auckland. Not that Ikking knew all these places, but there was a little sign on each of the photos. And Ikking saw a photo camera which was more likely for professionals.

"Are you a photographer?" Ikking asked.

"Yes. It's my hobby."

"As well as travelling?"

Astrid nodded. Ikking came into the kitchen where a big piece of a watermelon was waiting for him.

"I moved here from not so far. I'm from Å-lland actually," the girl explained while eating the watermelon piece.

"I have been there. It's very nice," the guy said. He was familiar with it, having an aunt there.

"Everyone has been there," Astrid chuckled.

"Okay, thanks for the watermelon and good company. I gotta go," Ikking said as he left the kitchen and went towards the door.

"Come here again!" he heard the girl's voice.

"Okay, I will!"

End

file.